



Charlotte Mason's House of Education,
Scale How, Ambleside, UK, 2009

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AUNT MAI'S BUDGET.

BY MRS. FRANCIS F. STEINTHAL.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—This month we must only talk about our work. We started so many new ideas in January, and it is delightful that we can in November present a good report of increased interest on the part of nieces and nephews. Nearly one hundred new ones have joined us this year, so you see our family is getting a very big one. Don't be afraid, children, that I shall ever be in the position of a certain old lady, or that you will be like the unfortunate children in the shoe. We can always find plenty of work for each other, and quite intend to show the world how happy a large family can be. This month the Little Workers will send in their flannel petticoats, and when they receive them again I hope each will invite her poor little girl to tea, and present her with her own handiwork.

It is also the month in which I should like the Cot money to be sent to me. I intend to put opposite to each name how the money was earned. For instance, one little girl brought me £1 the other day which she had got by making toffy. When you see the picture of the Cot, and the dear little baby in it, this month, I feel sure you will all rejoice that you have helped to cure such a dear little one. The good Secretary will let us know each month how *our* child is getting on. I shall be so disappointed if I don't get £50, and if Aunt Mai sits down to weep, what *will* become of her huge family? The list of donors will be in the January number.

Your loving,

AUNTIE MAI.

COMPETITIONS.

This month, owing to the holidays, only two nightgowns have been sent, one from Rhoda Goddard, and one from Elsie Pope, who is making great strides in sewing. Madge

Allen has sent a dress, which will be judged next month, when the others come in.

In November, both classes are to make a nightgown case and brush and comb bag for their dolls. The patterns are not in "My Dolly's Wardrobe," but after the year's practice in cutting out, each niece will, I think, be able to cut her own patterns. To be sent before November 30th, to Aunt Mai, Wharfemead, Ilkley.

OUR CHRISTMAS MAGAZINE.

The particulars about the Magazine are in the August letter. Be sure you only use the right size of paper, or our volume will look very untidy. All children who send tales, charades, riddles, poems, or drawings, will see the Magazine, which will be passed round, in alphabetical order. Lucy Scott Moncreiff, who is 14, will be co-editor, and we are all anxious now to see what can be done by children. No other competitions will be given this month, so that more time can be devoted to the Cot money, the Little Workers' flannel petticoats, and the Magazine.

CANARIES.

The Canary is so called because it is a native of the Canary Islands, from which it was first brought to Europe over two hundred years ago. Now there are few households in Europe or America even where this pretty little bird is not a highly-prized pet.

There are so many varieties, it is not easy for an inexperienced person to make a choice. As for color, Canaries are not always entirely yellow; some of the best song birds have a mixture of grey and even soft green in their plumage, almost like that of the linnet. In Germany and Belgium, thousands of Canaries are bred annually, and sent over to England for sale. Some of our best song birds are, however, bred in Norfolk and Yorkshire, and have this advantage, that they are not so likely to suffer from change of climate or food. If you only intend to keep one canary as a songster,

you must purchase a male bird. In the choice of a cage you will be guided by fancy, and the state of your finances; but for 3s. or 4s. you can buy a plain useful cage, suitable for one bird. Canaries can be had at any price, from 5s. to £5 and upwards.

Cleanliness is absolutely necessary. Never neglect the daily supply of clean drinking water, and once a week give a small saucer or a glass dish of water for a bath.

Every morning remove the tray of the cage, scrape off any dirt, rub clean with a dry cloth or paper, and sprinkle with fresh silver sand.

For food give the seed known as canary seed, with now and then a little hemp and rape seeds. A sprig of chickweed, groundsel, or plaintain is good for the birds. Do not give much sugar, as it causes fatness. Vary the diet with a little hard boiled egg, biscuit, light pudding, or ripe fruit to peck at. Never frighten or tease your pets, else they will not become tame.

OUR LITTLE COOKS.

I. *Chocolate Pudding*.—Take two teacupsful of new milk, grate $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of good chocolate, and let these boil together for 10 minutes. Stir in while hot $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of castor sugar, and a piece of butter the size of a walnut, then when cool add the yolks of two eggs. Beat the whites of the eggs to a froth, and put them in lightly just before steaming the pudding. Butter the inside of a pudding mould with the fingers, and sprinkle a little powdered rusks upon the butter. Put in the mixture, lay a buttered paper on the top of the pudding, and steam it for an hour and a quarter. When done turn out carefully, and serve with some good custard.

To steam a pudding, put it into a saucepan which contains boiling water that will reach half way up the mould; it must on no account be so high that the water can enter the mould or touch the paper, and keep the water boiling round it till done enough.

II. *Cup-Custard*.—Boil a pint of new milk, add 6 lumps of sugar, and an inch of vanilla pod, cut in half lengthwise before it is put into the milk. Take the yolks of two eggs,

beat them lightly, and pour the boiling milk on to the eggs, *not* the eggs into the milk. Mix a flat teaspoonful of corn-flour with a little cold milk, add this to the custard and boil for 10 minutes, stirring all the time. Pour the custard into a basin, and stir from time to time till the custard is cold and no skin forms on the top. Serve in custard glasses.

H. DE PIERREFORD.

"TAKING THE CONSEQUENCES."

By Phæbe Allen, Author of "Playing at Botany," "Two Little Victims," etc., etc.

"REMEMBER, REMEMBER, THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER!"

"WELL, Di, what does she say?"

"She says 'No,'" and therewith I, Diana Lisle, aged twelve, banged the door of our play-room (where my three brothers were assembled in conclave), with the utmost noise and violence.

"Oh, the naughty old *fing*!" cried Val—he was only six, and the infant of our party—but Hubert and Roy, the ten-year-old twins, wasted no energy on useless abuse. Together they marched to the door, saying, "*We'll go and see her.*"

"It'll do no good," I said. "Maria declares Aunt Pen would never allow it, and she says its mincemeat-making day, and she won't be disturbed by any of us again."

"But we *will* make our Guy Fawkes," cried Hu,—he was the younger twin, but being something of an orator, he always took the lead in public matters; "we've always made one every year, and it is a bit of history, and we owe it to the nation"—he was becoming a little incoherent, but all the same we clapped loudly—"Aunt Pen would understand, if she were here."

"I'm not quite sure she *would* let us make one," I remarked; "because when I told her how we always made one at home, and carried him to the front door and sang 'Remember, Remember,' and then burnt him afterwards in the big bonfire in the meadow, Aunt Penelope said, 'It must be great fun, but it would never do here in the town—things were so different in the country—but here people got so uproarious

on Guy Fawkes day that respectable folk only longed for the custom to die out as soon as possible."

"Father calls it a grand old custom," said Hubert.

"And mother says it's a great pity to drop old customs," said Roy.

"Still I don't see," I began, "as Aunt Pen *did* say that——"

"Of course you don't, because you're a girl," said the twins.

"No, but really, boys" (I tried hard to assume a tone of authority) "though I am a girl, I am a whole year older than you, and if Maria says ——"

"Oh! of course, if Maria says," mimicked the boys. "No, but look here," went on Hu; "when father and mother went abroad they made us promise to do all Aunt Pen told us, and when Aunt Pen went away last week she made us promise to do all Maria told us, and so we will: we're gentlemen, and we keep our word; but this is a matter of conscience. We've always had a 'Guy' on the Fifth of November, just as we've always had a plum pudding on Christmas Day, and I'd as soon bring myself to eat boiled rice and treacle on the 25th of December as let Guy Fawkes day pass without a 'Guy.' Let there be neither bloodshed nor violence, gentlemen," he added, with a low bow, "but let us carry our point. I propose that we now, as one man, proceed to the house-keeper's room."

Upon this, carried away by the eloquence of our speaker, we all cheered loudly.

"Let us carry the white flag of truce," said Hu, and accordingly, with the help of a walking stick, my apron was converted into a banner. Then we set forth in step down the long passage which led to Maria's domain, the boundary of which, a swing baize door, we were never supposed to pass without special invitation.

"Music can soothe the savage breast," said Hubert; "let us sing," beginning forthwith to bellow with all his might, "Remember, remember, the fifth of November!"

"It shall be the *fourth* of November that you shall have reason to remember," cried Maria, bouncing out of her stronghold just like a cork out of a soda water bottle, and seizing Hugh, she shook him as if he had been a door-mat. "Come, be off with you! A 'Guy,' indeed: I'll make 'Guys' of you!"

Maria was never sweet-tempered, but to attack her when

mincemeat making, or walnut pickling, or jam boiling, was indescribably foolhardy. And so, though Hu shook himself free and tried to appear as little unmoved by his dire shaking as though he had been merely fanned by the wing of a passing butterfly, he had enough of the better part of valour to lead him to beat a speedy retreat. But at a safe distance, he sounded a halt, and with much pomp and ceremony made the following declaration:—

"Mrs. Maria Milligan, take notice, that a Guy Fawkes will be made and exposed to public view to-morrow on these premises."

"You dare!" shouted Maria; "better think of the consequences."

"We'll do more than think of them, we'll *take* them," was our return charge.

"Very good," came the answer; "you take 'em, and I'll make 'em."

"Silly old thing!" said the twins. "Now let's make our 'Guy,' as it's half-holiday, and we shall have school to-morrow."

But this was easier said than done, as we realized, when Thomas refused to let us have either the sack or straw, which as every Guy-maker knows form the indispensable basis of this historical character. Ruefully we thought of all the sacks and straw and broomsticks that were at our disposal at home on all former occasions, and the hats and clothes, so ancient as to be picturesque, of which we always defrauded at least one scarecrow of the future. We sank on the floor and groaned; then Hu up and spoke, "We won't be beaten! Robinson Crusoe had to make a plough before he could have a loaf of bread, but yet I believe he was in the habit of breakfasting off hot buttered toast before he left his island; and just because we can't make a common 'Guy' by fair means, we'll make a most *uncommon* one by foul. Di, fly up to the best bedroom, and bring down the biggest pillow you can find, and Roy come with me—Thomas has gone to his tea—and we'll grab all we can from the stable."

In a short time we had collected a mass of material, and locking our play-room door proceeded to work in earnest. We were far too serious to laugh or even talk much; indeed when we did speak, it was only in whispers, as no doubt the

original Guy and his fellow conspirators once spoke. Only when he was finished, we danced round our "Guy," like little maniacs.

"He's the Champion 'Guy' of all England," cried Hu, and verily he was a masterpiece. As he wasn't going to be burnt and couldn't hurt anything by only wearing it for a few hours, we had been reckless in our choice of materials. I had given my new long fur muff for his head—it looked fine, with a mask in front for his face—and my best party sash for his scarf; Hu had abstracted Thomas' overcoat from the harness room (he only wore it on state occasions, when he drove Aunt Pen, so he wasn't likely to miss it directly), and had supplied a pair of his own boating trousers, whilst Roy's Sunday top-hat crowned the edifice. We were obliged, you see, to take things that were not in daily use, lest their absence should arouse suspicion.

"And now," said Hubert, "we'll carry him out to the tool house; it's much too dark for anyone to see us, and no one will find him there, because Day doesn't work here to-morrow"—Day was the gardener, who came twice a week to keep Aunt Pen's tiny slip of garden in order.

So whilst our "Guy" passed the night in the tool-house, we, his makers, could scarcely sleep for excitement, thinking of the tremendous triumph we should celebrate at Maria's expense on the morrow.

"We'll bring home a lot of fellows this evening," said the twins, as they set off the next morning for the Grammar School, where they were day-boys; "and we'll have plenty of squibs, and a rare score off old Maria."

So away they went, leaving me to vex my poor daily governess sadly with my extraordinary want of attention throughout the lessons. The fact was I *couldn't* help thinking of the programme we had arranged for the evening; how, when our tea was done, the "Guy" was to be fetched from his retreat, and to be borne aloft in triumph round the house, and finally deposited under Maria's window; how his arrival there would be announced by a volley of squibs against the panes, and then to be followed up by a *roar* of "Remember," etc., from us all.

Although Aunt Pen was always kind in allowing the boys to bring home their friends, Maria generally scowled at being

asked for extra jam and cake on these occasions; but to-day she was wonderfully amiable, and loaded our table with good things.

"Ah! she little knows what is in store for her!" we said. *Neither did we.*

"Now, Roy, come on and get the 'Guy,'" cried Hu, starting up from tea, "and Di and you fellows wait here till you hear me whistle, then come out, but be sure you all keep on the grass, so that no one may hear you."

Breathlessly we waited for the fateful signal, but it never came! Instead of it Hu's dismayed face presently appeared at the window.

"Di," he said, hoarsely, "the 'Guy' is gone!"

I flew to the tool-house, and by the dim lantern light I searched the earth-strewn floor, with its piles of empty flower pots and scraps of bass, I scanned its be-cobwebbed walls, hung with strings of onions,—but there was no trace of the "Guy."

"What a sell!" cried the schoolboys; "some one must have stolen him: there's an end to all our spree."

"And the beginning of all *our* misery," I said, as the whole horror of the situation flashed upon me. No doubt the "Guy" had been stolen, because, he was not like other "Guys," he was *so* well dressed.

"Oh! he had my muff for his hair," I sobbed.

"And Thomas' greatcoat," said Hu.

"Oh! and the pillow from the best bedroom," I continued; and then sinking down on the edge of a wheelbarrow I burst out crying, Val following suit.

"Oh, I say, if you're going to blubber," said one guest, with singular lack of good feeling and elegance, "I shall bolt; come on, you fellows, and let's let off our squibs on the bridge."

So away they went; but oh! the misery they left behind! the humiliation of having to endure Maria's mocking taunts, when Val, who *wouldn't* stop roaring, betrayed the catastrophe.

"Well, you'll have to make your aunt's pillow and Thomas' overcoat good, every penny of them, and Miss Diana will have no muff all the winter, and look a nice 'Guy' herself, going out to parties with no sash," said the crabbed old woman; "and Master Roy can borrow little Val's straw hat

for his Sunday wear. Dear, dear, how angry your aunt will be!"

We had a faint hope that the thief might be traced; but, though the twins carried their tale to the Police Station, he never was heard of. So we sorrowfully emptied our purses, and relinquished all claim on the next quarter's allowance, which Maria was to have paid us in another fortnight, and, what was even worse, we waited in terror and dread for Aunt Penelope's return. Before the end of the month she came back, and before the end of the first day I had found myself—owing to her enquiries as to my missing muff, for I had driven to meet her on a bitter day—forced to tell the story of our woe.

Aunt Pen heard it gravely, but before she could speak, Maria appeared on the threshold. "Yes, ma'am, those were the consequences they were so willing to take," she said, maliciously; "'twas a pity they couldn't stop to remember that they couldn't choose what those consequences should be."

"How *could* we choose, you silly thing?" broke in Hubert.

"But *I* could, my dears," retorted Maria, "and *I* did! You said you'd take the consequences, so *I* took the 'Guy,' and I've kept him safe and sound ever since!"

"JACK AND JILL'S JOURNEY."

By Phæbe Allen, Author of "Playing at Botany," "Two Little Victims," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XI.

"WELL, this is what I call a sell!"—Jack was speaking to Jill on the day following the Orchid's lecture—"I thought we were going to have a real, jolly journey into Stem Province in a train, like when we came to Rootland, instead of which we've only just crawled over the threshold of the Parliament House, and are to have a tame open-air sort of meeting here, with the Oak to address us, and, perhaps, the Palm."

"Well, but it's nobody's fault, exactly," said Jill, "except the stems for their silly trick in always growing so near the roots, that it would be just as absurd to take a train to reach

them as it would be to take a cab between the window and door in our schoolroom."

"It's a sell, all the same," said Jack, "and I hate sells."

"That's a pity," said Fun, "for amongst the stems we shall find ourselves in the middle of *cells*. Besides, it's tremendously condescending of the Oak—the king of the forest trees—to promise to address us, and he'll expect to be listened to with the respect that Oaks have enjoyed since the days of the Ancients. Then, if the Oak rustled, the pious pagans would say, 'Hearken, Zeus is speaking.'"

"And perhaps, my dear Fun, you'll play at being one of those pious pagans," said F.O., rather silyly, "for if you would hearken now, and give others a chance of doing so too, you would hear that the rustling had already begun in our Oak of to-day. You see time is rather precious, as he has so much to say about stems and stalks."

"Oh! certainly," replied Fun, "I quite understand that—

'If a stem wants to preach about every stalk,
Of course he will try to *stem* other folks' talk.'"

There was just a little more stir under the widely-spread branches of the Oak, whilst the audience were seating themselves; there was just a little rustling amongst the leaves, and then, in a rich voice from the depth of his thick foliage, the Lord of the Woods began.

"Long ago, my children, the Greeks and Romans taught that I, the magnificent Oak, was the first tree that grew on the earth, and that every created thing, 'nymphs, and fawns, and savage men,' sprang from me."

("See Virgil, *Æneid*, Book viii.," put in Matter-of-Fact, drily.)

"But it is not on that account that I address you to-day, but because no one is so worthy as I to be the chosen representative of the whole Worshipful Company of Stems. For whose stalk, stem, or trunk, in all the world, is so important as mine?"

(Cries of "Hear, Hear," came from the audience, and showers of little green acorns from the speaker; both the results, you see, of his stirring eloquence.)

"Now, in order to understand what a stem really is," went on the Oak, "we must consider what it does. It has

three principal duties: (1) It supports the buds, leaves, and flowers of the plants; (2) It supplies them with water and other material derived from the root; (3) It acts as a carrier to convey the different products manufactured in the various cells, starch, sugar, oil, etc., to the different parts of the plants, where these materials are required. Now some wise folks have compared a whole plant to a city made of many different dwellings, with their respective in-dwellers. They have also compared the stem and branches to the roads, canals, and streets of a great city, which not only connect the different quarters, but serve as a means of communication and traffic between them, and are, therefore, looked upon as the common property of the city."

"On the whole it is a good comparison," said the Oak, with an approving nod, which scattered a few more acorns, "only I should like to remark that these streets, etc., couldn't be much use to the community at large if they weren't furnished with little cells, containing busy moving folk, all of them little carriers, handing on something from their own cell to their neighbour in the next, as fast as they can. Furthermore, note this, that though a stem or stalk looks to you to be constructed in the same way, whether you examine it near the root, or in the middle, or near the flower, it is not so really. The stem that starts from the root is very different in its inside from the stem that goes on its way towards the leaves and flowers, for through the whole of its course it is gradually changing and developing. And why? Because, as you will see, it has different kinds of work to do on its road from the root to the blossom. So that, just as in the houses where you Jacks and Jills live, the cellars, where you keep your food, and the kitchens where you cook it, are quite differently built and arranged from the dining room floor, where you eat and drink, and from the drawing floor above that, where you meet friends, and refresh yourselves with amusements, and as, again, the bedrooms, where you take your rest, are differently arranged from the living rooms, so, if we examine the inside of a stem, under a microscope, we can distinctly see the cells arranged in stories, one over the other, each layer of cells formed and furnished to suit the exact work which has to be carried on in each, so that clever botanists have been able to draw out

a regular plan of the inside of a stem, shewing the different manner in which each part is made, according to the duty it has to perform. First there is what may be called the nursery floor, that is, the part of the stems which bear the cotyledon or nursing leaves of the baby plant—those come first, you know—then there is the scale leaf storey, then the foliage leaf storey, and then the blossom storey. But, just as in your world, houses are arranged differently, according to the families to which they belong, so stems also have different arrangements according to the families to which they belong. You'll see this as you go along. But now listen. Stems are divided into two classes, according to whether they are dicotyledons or monocotyledons. The former class are called *exogenous*—from two Greek words, signifying *outside growers*—I belong to these; the latter, *endogenous*, or *inside growers*."

"Like me," came in a soft, lazy whisper from amongst the fan-like foliage of the Palm.

"Please let me come to the *pith* of my own address," said the Oak, "then, if there is time, you shall talk of yours. Not that you'll find anything very pithy to say about yourself. Now *my stem*," he continued, addressing the audience, "is composed of pith, wood and bark. I must put it as briefly as I can. The pith is in the centre, the wood comes next, then the bark, which is separable from the wood. My pith *never* grows in diameter after the first year; all the growth therefore is done by the woody part of our stems. These are increased yearly by the fresh ring which the wood makes outside the pith, that is why it is called an *outside grower*, because the new wood is always on the outside, and the old wood within. Thus, you see, our softest part is our outside."

"Just the opposite to us," put in the Palm, "for if you get the stem of your Butcher's Broom—the only British native that you have like us—and cut it across, you'll see we have no hard core—heart wood, I think they call it—in our middle, and no woody rings, but that our inside consists of fibrous bundles and tissues, running down our pith like separate cords, and forming a false bark on the outside of our stem—a *true bark*, you know, is one that is separable from the wood. So you see the workers in our stem cells make it

their business to promote the growth of the stem lengthways, but not round; they make our stem tall, but not fat; they increase them inside, but not outwardly, so that though our stems often reach 150 feet in height, they are no larger at the top than when they started out in life at the base. Neither do our stem workers trouble themselves to put out any branches, for not till they have 'reached the top of the tree' do they crown themselves and their labours with a tuft of beautiful foliage, a real, leafy coronet."

"And, by that time," put in Fun, "I suppose it's a case of

'Hush-a-bye, workers, on the tree-top,
The stem being finished your labours can stop.'"

"I suppose," said the Palm, languidly, "that's a hint to me to stop, but I should like to say that I'm considered a sacred tree in the East, and that just because my stem is so stately and smooth, there are all sorts of lovely legends—the story of St. Christopher, for instance——"

"But," the Oak broke in, "business first before stories, and, between us, we've almost forgotten to remind our young friends that the word stem comes straight from the Greek word *στημι*—I stand. And now just to sum up shortly what we have said of the stem. It supports the whole plant structure, leaves, flowers, and fruit. It supplies the water and soil-food, collected by the root, to the different parts of the plant. It carries the materials, manufactured in the various cells, from one point of the plant to the other, and, finally it stores up material within its cells to produce new supplies of branches, leaves, and flowers. Further: remember that in an 'outside grower,' like myself, the hardest part of the stem is inside, whilst in the 'inside grower,' like the Palm, it is just the reverse."

"Yes," said Fun, "these rhymes may help you to recall that—"

"Now the Oaks with their tender outside, I trow,
Are like certain monarchs we all of us know,
Who wore crowns on their heads, and wrapt
themselves round
In imperial velvet that swept the ground;
But beneath that purple, so soft and smart,
They had not a single soft spot in their heart;
Whereas you will find in the Palm tree slim,
That *his* heart is the softest part of *him*."

"Hear, hear," said the audience, but Matter-of-Fact said: "Hush, hush, for please pay attention to these questions."

QUESTIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

1. What are the three principal duties of a stem?
2. If you compare a plant to a city, to what part of the city would you compare the stem, and why?
3. Is the whole stem, from the base to the summit, constructed in the same manner?
4. What are the two classes into which stems are divided?
5. What classes do the Oak and Palm represent?
6. What is the great difference between the two stems?
7. Who can tell me the legend of St. Christopher?
8. Who can tell me of any historical Oaks in England?

Answers to be sent in to Miss P. Allen, Ileden, Bonchurch, I.W., before the 29th of November.

Papers have been sent in by the following members, to whom marks have been awarded as below:—

Div. I. H. Bernard Ward (6), Madeleine Graham Watson (5), Honora Sneyd (5), Winifred Grice (5), Jessie Vickers (5), Joan Campion (4), Alexander Colles (4), Eileen Colles (5), Susan Venables (4), Margaret Bullen (3).

Div. II. Esme Graham Watson (5), James Dixon (4), Lilius Summers (6), Clare Pelly (6), Maud Vickers (5), Phyllis Murray (6), Meta Colles (4)—(5) for last month's paper additional, Rhoda Goddard (4), Hawthorn Robertson (6).

Div. III. Cecily Foster (6), Kathleen Sandbach (6), Hester Sandbach (6), Janet Brooke (5), Jack Vickers (4), Emily Vickers (6), Dorothy Mayall (6), Eva Hudson (5), Kathleen Colles (3), Ethelwyn Robertson (6).